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A
P O E M
On the DEATH of
ROBERT KECK, Esq;
Of the INNER-TEMPLE,
Who Died at *Paris*, Sept. 16. 1719.

By a Friend, who accompany'd him to *Dover* in
his Way to *France*; and return'd thither to
meet his Corpse, when brought over to be
Buried in the *Temple-Church* in *London*.

Ὁν φιλεῖ Θεός, ἀνίσταται νῦν.

L O N D O N:
Printed in the YEAR MDCCXX.

P O E M

ON THE DEATH OF

ROBERT KECK, Esq.

WHO DIED AT BATH, ON THE 16TH OF

By a Friend, who accompanied him to Bath in
his way to London, and returned thence to
meet the Corpse, which brought over to be
buried in the Temple Church in London.

L O N D O N:
Printed in the Year MDCCLXX.



A
P O E M

On the DEATH of
ROBERT KECK, Esq;



Heedless blest'd the flatt'ring Wind and Tide,
That gently stole away our Hopes and Pride;
As if when pass'd the Sea, he wou'd have been
No less secure than happy on the *Sein* ;
Where treach'rous Death, hid under Nature's
Deluded Sense entices to her Arms. (Charms,
The Tyrant's Hand is arm'd with Fruit and Grain,
And Purple Clusters her full Bosom stain.
Thus on these Banks she more with Kindness kills,
Than when defil'd with Blood upon the *Nile's*;
Tears move but few ; all taken are with Smiles. }

No Martial Field can such a Carnage boast,
Where Noble mix'd with Common Lives are lost:
Destruction here grown delicate and nice,
Preys on the Rich, the Virtuous, and the Wise.

I wish'd

I wish'd for nothing more than his Return ;
And nothing more than what I wish'd for, mourn.

In Sorrow join'd officious Winds and Waves
Lament in Sighs, and open into Graves
Deny'd by * Those, who, taught by Rome's High Priest,
Renounce Humanity, to worship Christ.

Ye Sons of Neptune, spread the flutt'ring Sheet ;
On Shore we parted, on the Floods we'll meet.
Here will I visit him, though but in part ;
His cold Remains demand my Lips and Heart.
Cold as they are, they to my Bosom give
A quick'ning Warmth, why can they not receive?
(Who, Vain Philosophy, wou'd be thy Slave?)
They give what they have not, can never have ;
O never, till the last loud Trumpet wakes
His scatter'd Dust, and into Order shakes.

Yet when I view yon Chalky Mount, that hides
Its Head i'th' Clouds, and boasts its Samphire-Sides,
With Wretches dangling from on high to get
The Weed for Salad, others are to eat ;
Which gave Occasion to those Glorious Lines ||,
Where our great Poet ev'n himself outshines:
Again, methinks my Ears and Eyes he fills
With sweetest Accents, and approving Smiles.
Oft he those Charms rehears'd ; last did it here,
'Twixt Art and Nature's Bounds, the Cliffs and Peer.

* The French deny Christian Burial to all, but those of their own Communion.

|| Shakespear's Verses upon Dover Cliffs, &c. much admired, and often repeated
by Mr. Keck.

Hail,

Hail, happy Soul, from thy fair Mansion burn'd ||,
 And purified, as that to Ashes turn'd,
 Thou hov'ring o'er, whilst I below attend,
 Rejoicest with thy Corpse to see thy Friend;
 Whether in Storms toss'd on the watry Field,
 Or drove through those that Ceres Harvests yield.
 Though 'tis not He, alas! yet since 'twas so,
 As such It shou'd and shall be treated now.
 When nought but Thanks I cou'd return to Him,
 My Fortune did not lessen his Esteem.
 On the same Foot our present Friendship stands,
 The weaker still, the stronger Part, commands.
 Not that I'm higher rais'd; for with Him lower
 I'm fall'n, though not bereft of all my Power.

Ye, whose great Laws tempestuous Worlds obey,
 Proclaim a Calm throughout the Air and Sea :
 Let the slow Motions of the flowing Tide
 At once perform his Obsequies and guide;
 And when th' alternate gentle Current fails,
 Loose Wind enough to fill the Swelling Sails.
 'Tis not Ambition, nor the Thirst of Gain,
 Occasions our Adventures on the Main.
 We serve not Those, nor any sordid Lust,
 But hither come to the Deceased Just ;
 His Sacred Ashes to convey and keep,
 That where He liv'd with Honour, He may sleep.
 Let there no Shipwreck be, but what the *Swiss* *
 And *French* endure, when they this Service miss.

Proud of their Charge, the fairest Gales e'er blew
 Flie faster with It than we can pursue,

|| By a Fever.

* Who attended the Corpse through France.

In one short Day from *Calais* briny Streams,
Arriv'd into the Bosom of the *Thames*.

His late best Subject brought; They for the King †
Went back, and fetch'd with near as swift a Wing.

* One Honour lost, another still I have,
Who lead the precious Relicks to the Grave.
Round ev'ry Court a gloomy Pomp proceeds ‖,
Compos'd of Friends illustrious in their Weeds.
So *Phæbus* veil'd, breaks through the vap'ry Shroud,
And makes a shining Beauty of a Cloud.

More Glorious Light, if pure Angelick Rays
Permitted be to visit humble Lays,
O these inspire, and to their Subject raise.
Whilst I presume Thy Character to write,
They, like Thy own, should be correct and bright.

His Days abroad the Fates were pleas'd to end,
Who better bore the Want than Grief of Friend.

Nor wou'd th' Almighty his Belov'd advance,
But from the Capital Eminence of *France*;
Those Blushes from his glowing Cheeks to plant
On theirs, which ow'd their Colouring to Paint.

His Outward Frame by Art and Nature grac'd,
A lovely Shade around the Inward cast;
And both together so divinely shone,
As they to Heav'n were jointly to have flown.

† In his Return from Hanover.

* The Honour of accompanying the Corpse to London.

‖ The Funeral Procession in the Temple.

He

He freely gave, but with a doubtful Air,
 And with his own, forestall'd the Suitor's Prayer;
 As humbly asking to bestow it, Leave,
 As t'other begg'd, the Favour to receive.

He spoke the Living Languages and Dead,
 With the nice Judgment of a Critick read.

Nor Cost, nor Pains, His gen'rous Nature spar'd,
 In doing Justice to an Ancient Bard.
 For their own Sakes the World kept *Shakespear's* Books,
 But wou'd not long have known him by his Looks,
 Had not the Founder of their Printed Race *
 Recover'd These, and stopp'd that foul Disgrace.
 Full well with These agree the Lines beneath ||,
 Which his own Muse inspir'd, alone cou'd breathe.
 The grateful Nymph His Patron made his Son,
 And crouding both their Laurels into one,
 A greater gave Him, than His Father's Crown. }
 Thus shall the Head and Works reprinted join,
 Each other prove, and in Perfection shine;
 And *Waller's* self one Day corrected † stand,
 Through the same Bounty, but by his own Hand.

Nor were His boundless Love and Kindness shown
 To Men of Skill and Tongues in Vogue alone;
 But all of ev'ry Sort that useful were,
 Increas'd his Knowledge, and became his Care.

* *A Print of Shakespear, taken at Mr. Keck's Expence from a painted Original, which he purchased with a great deal of Money, and preserved with no less Care.*

|| *Verses under it, wrote by Mr. Keck.*

† *Mr. Waller's own Corrections of his own Works, which Mr. Keck had, and designed to print.*

With curious Pleasure He survey'd the Shoots
Of *Saxon* Words, and diving to the Roots,
Beneath dark Ages, their prime Senses found ;
When These were alter'd, and upon what Ground.

Inferior Merit might neglected lie,
Whilst undiscover'd by His searching Eye ;
But soon as known, still, if accus'd, 'twas clear'd,
Set free, if bound ; and if despis'd, rever'd.

Who more than These, or These wou'd better know,
To the rich Sources whence they came, must go ;
Which gave Him Life, and are his Living Tomb.
O may they live the Years He had to come,
Crown'd with continual Blessings from above,
His Spirit in Duty ministring to their Love.

F I N I S.

